

DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



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JAN
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DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



IT'S WALL-TO-WALL
ACTION--
IN THE SPELLBINDER WE CALL--
"MINDTAP!"

YOU MOVE LIKE
A STREAK OF
CRIMSON
LIGHTNING,
MASKED MAN--

--BUT THAT
ONLY MEANS YOU'LL
DIE FASTER--
SLAIN BY THE
ALL-POWERFUL
OWL!

He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents, tastes and textures other men cannot perceive. For though attorney **MATT MURDOCK** is *blind*, his other four senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his uncanny *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! Armed only with his *billy club*, his fighting skill, and his courage, he stalks the streets by night, a relentless red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!**™

CHRIS CLAREMONT, SCRIPT | **BOB BROWN**, **V. COLLETTA**, **D. HUNT**, LETTERS | **R. THOMAS**,
STEVE GERBER, PLOT | PENCILS | INKS | **PETRA G.**, COLORS | EDITOR

MIND TAP!

THE NIGHTMARE BEGINS WITH A WOMAN'S SCREAM, A DESPERATE CRY THAT IS FURY, FRUSTRATION... AND FEAR!

OWL! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO HIM?!

DOING TO HIM? WHY, MY DEAR MADAME NATASHA...

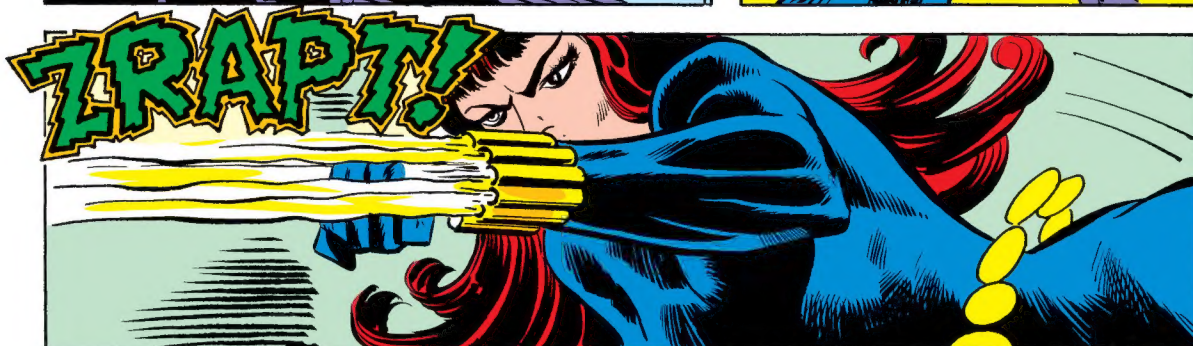
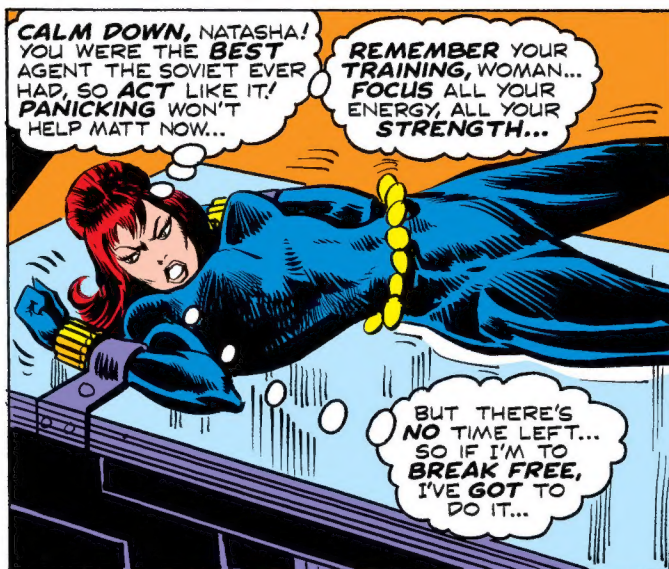
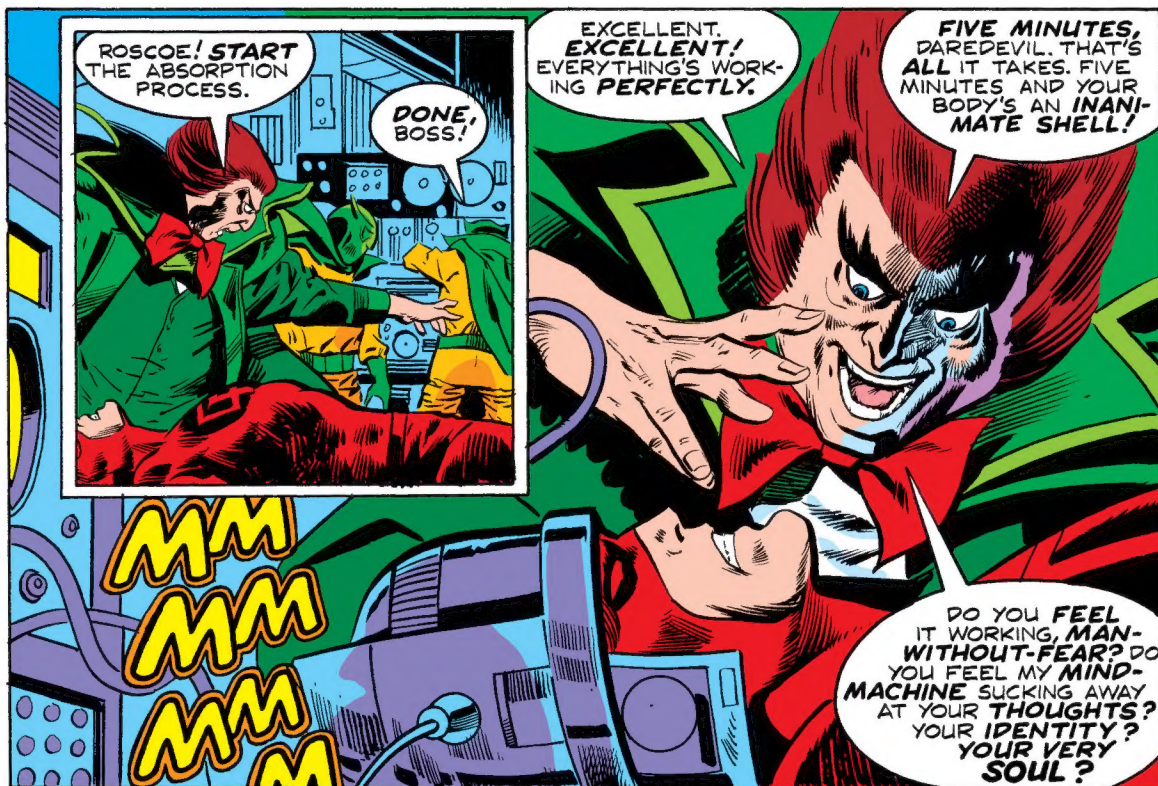
I'M STEALING HIS BRAIN!

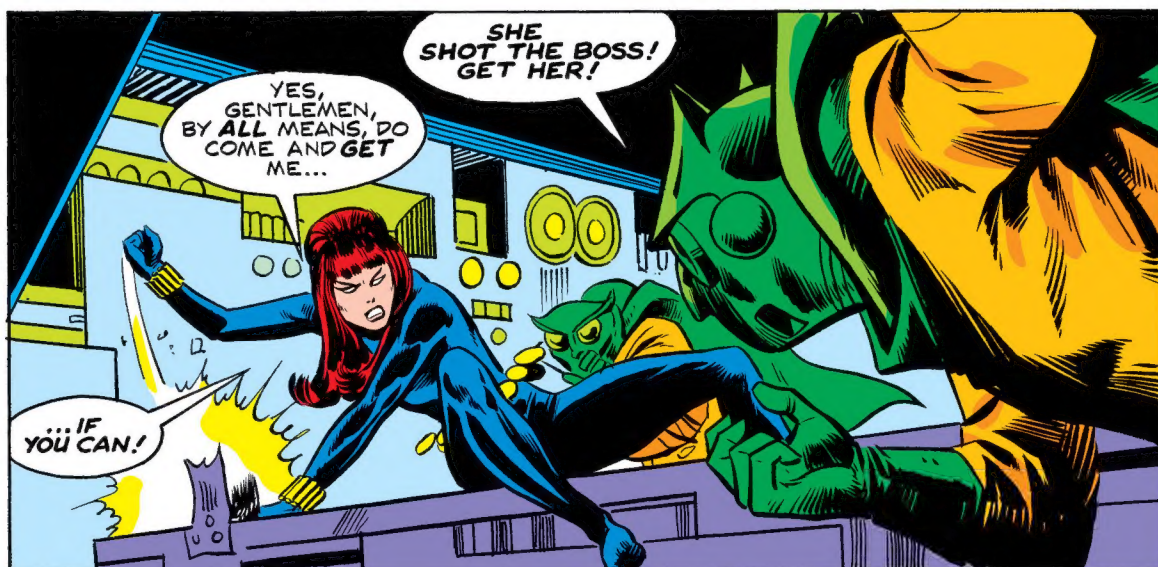
NATASHA STRAINS AT HER BONDS, TO NO AVAIL, HER MIND FLICKING INSANELY OVER THE EVENTS OF THE PAST FEW HOURS: REMEMBERING HER MEETING WITH DAREDEVIL, THE TALK THEY'D STARTED... THE OWL'S SUDDEN, MERCILESS ATTACK ...THEIR EQUALLY SUDDEN DEFEAT...*

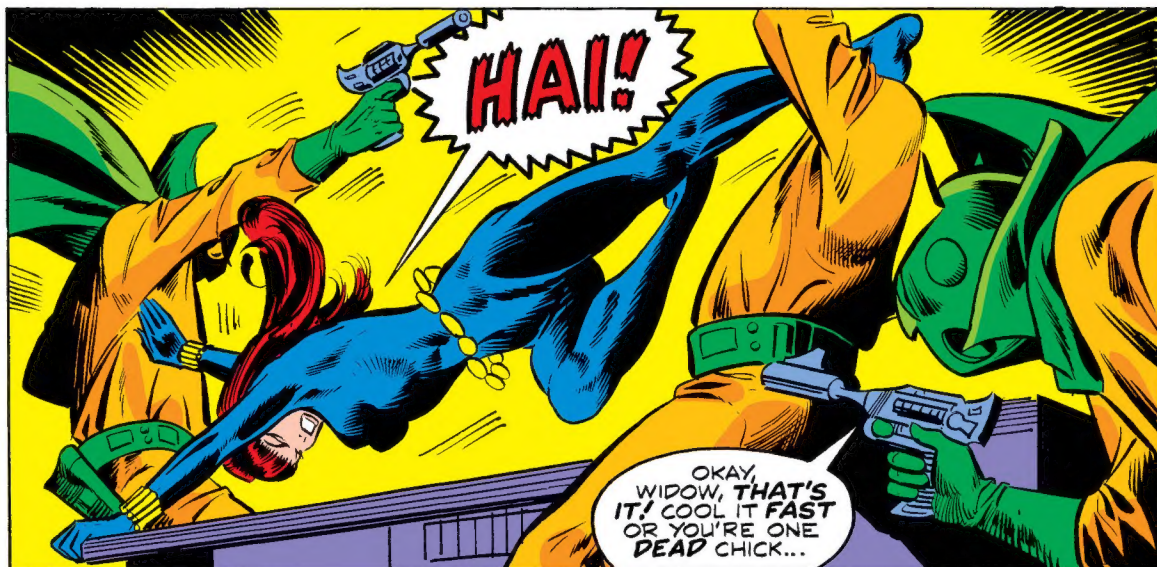
AND NOW, DAREDEVIL IS STRAPPED TO AN ARCAINE MACHINE DESIGNED TO ABSORB EVERY SCRAP OF INFORMATION IN HIS BRAIN A MACHINE THAT WOULD LEAVE HIM A MINDLESS VEGETABLE...

AND THERE'S NOTHING THE BLACK WIDOW CAN DO TO STOP IT. NOTHING!

***LAST ISH.--ROY.**

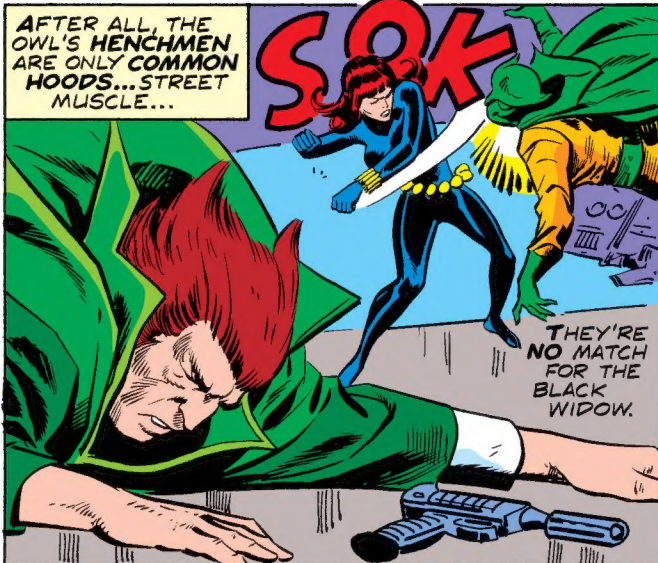






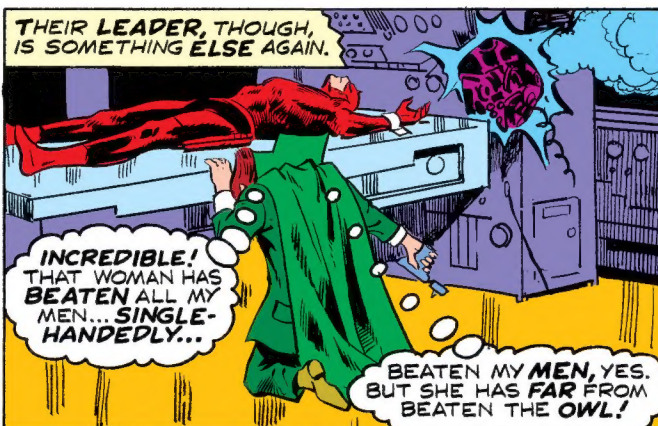


SHE MOVES NOW WITH DEADLY PRECISION, HER BODY SO LOOSE AND FLUID THAT THE BATTLE TAKES ON AN UNREAL--ALMOST CHOREOGRAPHED QUALITY...



AFTER ALL, THE OWL'S HENCHMEN ARE ONLY COMMON HOODS...STREET MUSCLE...

THEY'RE NO MATCH FOR THE BLACK WIDOW.



THEIR LEADER, THOUGH, IS SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN.

INCREDIBLE! THAT WOMAN HAS BEATEN ALL MY MEN... SINGLE-HANDEDLY...

BEATEN MY MEN, YES. BUT SHE HAS FAR FROM BEATEN THE OWL!



YOUR RESISTANCE WILL END--NOW! --OR I'LL PULL THIS TRIGGER!

WHICH WILL IT BE, WOMAN? WILL YOU SURRENDER OR WILL PAREDEVIL DIE?

I'M WAITING, WIDOW!



I... SURRENDER.

A SENSIBLE CHOICE. TELL ME, WIDOW, WHAT WOULD YOU DO TO SAVE DAREDEVIL'S LIFE?

ANYTHING.

I **THOUGHT** AS MUCH. I OFFER YOU A **DEAL** THEN: RUN AN **ERRAND** FOR ME AND I'LL **GIVE** YOU DAREDEVIL'S LIFE.

WHAT... KIND OF ERRAND?

CUT CROSSTOWN NOW: TO SAN FRANCISCO POLICE HEADQUARTERS, AND TWO MEN WE KNOW WELL, NATASHA'S CHAUFFER, IVAN, AND LT. PAUL CARSON, S.F.P.D.

I'M TELLIN' YOU I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED, PAUL.

SHE LEFT ME IN THE PARK-- SAID SHE'D BE BACK SOON... THAT WAS THE LAST I SAW OF HER.

NATASHA'S A BIG WOMAN NOW, IVAN, SHE CAN TAKE CARE OF HERSELF...



WANNA BET, HOTSHOT?

LOOK, WHAT'S GOIN' DOWN WITH YOU TWO? I HEARD YOU WERE EVICTED FROM YOUR MANSION LAST WEEK...*

WHERE ARE YOU STAYING?

*ALSO LAST ISH. --ROY.



IN THE ROLLS, USIN' WHAT BREAD WE HAD TO BUY FOOD.

TASHA DIDN'T WANNA ASK FOR HELP... FROM ANYBODY.

YEAH? WELL, WANT IT OR NOT, SHE'S GOT IT NOW.

C'MON, IVAN, LET'S GO FIND YOUR LADY.

CUT AGAIN: TO A LADY
RUNNING AN 'ERRAND.'

NO MATTER
HOW I PLAY THIS, IT'S
A LOUSY DEAL. BECAUSE
THE OWL'S GOT THE ACE
IN THE HOLE:
MATT'S LIFE!

ALL I CAN
DO IS HOPE
THE OWL KEEPS
HIS END OF THE
BARGAIN...

HMM, WHOEVER
I'M AFTER, THEY'RE
NOT AFRAID OF
BURGLARS...

WINDOWS
OPEN, NO LOCKS,
NO ALARMS... IT'S
ALMOST TOO
EASY...

...WHILE I FIGURE
OUT SOME WAY TO
BREAK MINE.

FAT
CHANCE.

WELL, NATASHA,
YOU'VE ARRIVED.
AT A PENTHOUSE,
NO LESS.

A
WOMAN!

CAN'T MAKE OUT HER
FACE... I WONDER
WHY THE OWL
WANTS HER...

ALL HE
GAVE ME WAS
HER ADDRESS
... NOTHING
MORE...

I DON'T WANT
TO HURT
HER...

ONE
NERVE PINCH
SHOULD DO THE
TRICK...

I'LL
MOVE...
NOW!!

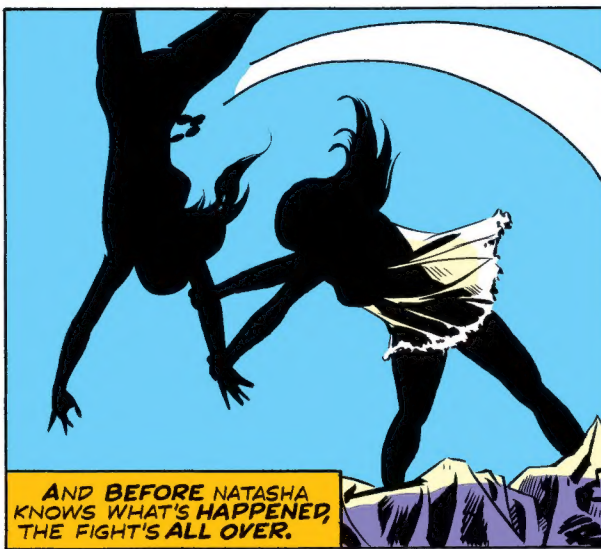
WHAT THE
BLOODY...!



SUDDENLY,
THE SYMMETRY
OF NATASHA'S
ATTACK IS
BROKEN...



...AS HER 'HELP-
LESS' VICTIM
REACTS WITH A
SPEED THAT
RIVALS THE
WIDOW'S OWN...



AND BEFORE NATASHA
KNOWS WHAT'S HAPPENED,
THE FIGHT'S ALL OVER.



ALL RIGHT,
ENOUGH FUN
AND GAMES...

KLIK

LET'S PUT
SOME LIGHT
ON THE SUBJECT
AND SEE WHAT'S
GOING ON HERE...



YOU!



SHANNA
THE
SHE-DEVIL!

NATASHA
ROMANOFF!
FANCY MEETING
YOU HERE.

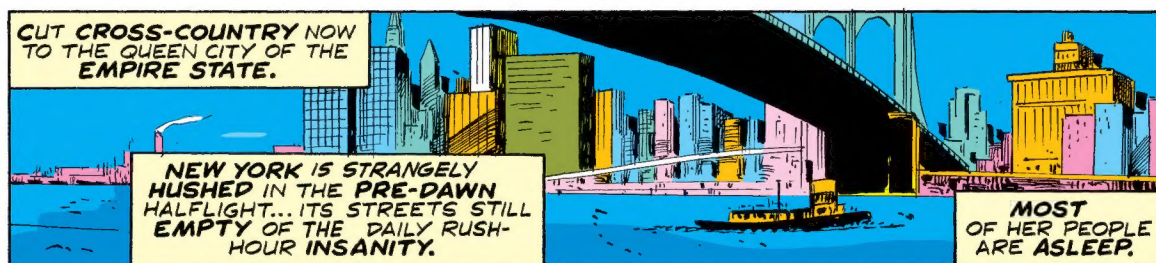
ARE THINGS
SO BAD THAT
YOU'VE TURNED
TO BURGLARY
AND KIDNAP-
PING?



NO, LADY,
THEY'RE
NOT.

THE OWL
SENT ME AFTER
YOU: YOUR LIFE
FOR DAREDEVIL'S.
I SUPPOSE HE
WANTS YOUR EX-
PERT KNOW-
EDGE OF
ANIMALS...

I THINK
HE'S GOING
TO GET A LOT
MORE THAN HE
BARGAINED
FOR.



CUT CROSS-COUNTRY NOW
TO THE QUEEN CITY OF THE
EMPIRE STATE.

NEW YORK IS STRANGELY
HUSHED IN THE PRE-DAWN
HALFIGHT... ITS STREETS STILL
EMPTY OF THE DAILY RUSH-
HOUR INSANITY.

MOST
OF HER PEOPLE
ARE ASLEEP.



MOST, BUT NOT ALL.

FOGGY, IT'S ALL SET!
A SENATE SUBCOMMIT-
TEE'S BEEN SET UP TO
INVESTIGATE THE SALLIS
PAPERS. AND I'M THEIR
STAR WITNESS. THIS
WHOLE ROTTEN MESS
IS GOING TO BE
BLOWN WIDE
OPEN...

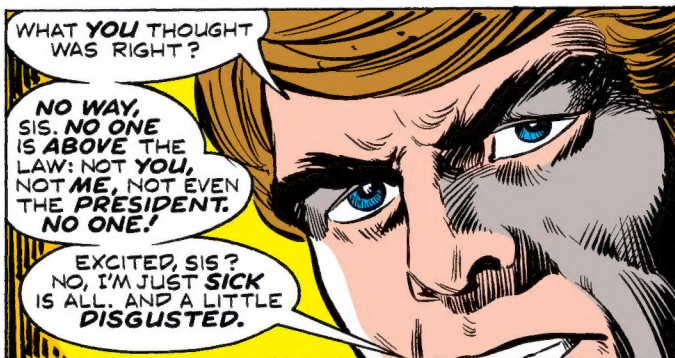
GREAT.
JUST
GREAT.

FOGGY,
WHAT'S WRONG?
I THOUGHT YOU'D
BE EXCITED...



YOU STILL DON'T
UNDERSTAND, DO YOU?
YOU BROKE THE LAW,
SIS. YOU STOLE THOSE
PAPERS, AND YOU GOT
AWAY WITH IT...

I DID
WHAT I
THOUGHT WAS
RIGHT...



WHAT YOU THOUGHT
WAS RIGHT?

NO WAY,
SIS. NO ONE
IS ABOVE THE
LAW: NOT YOU,
NOT ME, NOT EVEN
THE PRESIDENT.
NO ONE!

EXCITED, SIS?
NO, I'M JUST SICK
IS ALL. AND A LITTLE
DISGUSTED.

IT'S BEEN A LONG, HARROWING NIGHT FOR FOGGY NELSON-- BUT IT'S BEEN EVEN LONGER FOR IVAN, AND PAUL CARSON...

...A LONG NIGHT, AND A FRUITLESS SEARCH.

THIS IS GETTING US NOWHERE, IVAN--FOR ALL WE KNOW, NATASHA'S NOT EVEN IN THE CITY...

OH, SHE'S HERE ALL RIGHT, PAUL. AN' A LOT CLOSER THAN YOU THINK...

HUH?

HEADS UP, BABY, THE WIDOW'S ON THE PROWL.

"AN' SHE'S GOT COMPANY."

INDEED SHE HAS, AS NATASHA AND SHANNA SWING ACROSS THE CITY WITH AN ALMOST FELINE GRACE...

...THEIR SKILLS AND RHYTHMS MERGING SO WELL THAT THEY SEEM LIKE ONE ENTITY...

FAAAAR OUT. I KNEW THE WIDOW WAS A TOP GYMNAST, BUT THIS... WOW!

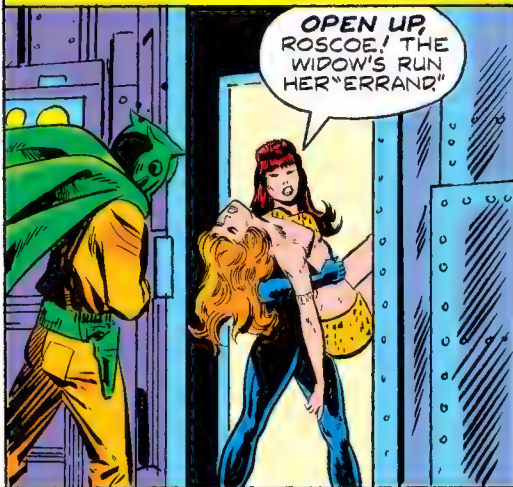
NATASHA!

NO GOOD, SHE'S TOO FAR AWAY TO HEAR ME.

THE WIDOW AND SHANNA O'HARA... BOTH OF 'EM IN ONE BIIIIIG HURRY... IN-TRIGUING, TO SAY THE LEAST...

HANG ON, IVAN! I'M GONNA PLAY A HUNCH AN' FOLLOW THEM...

NOT MUCH LATER, THERE'S A KNOCK AT THE DOOR OF THE OWL'S WAREHOUSE HIDEOUT...



OPEN UP, ROSCOE! THE WIDOW'S RUN HER "ERRAND"

HERE'S YOUR "PACKAGE," OWL. DELIVERED AS PROMISED.



MAGNIFICENT, WIDOW. I EXPECTED RESULTS, BUT NOT THIS QUICKLY... BRING HER HERE.

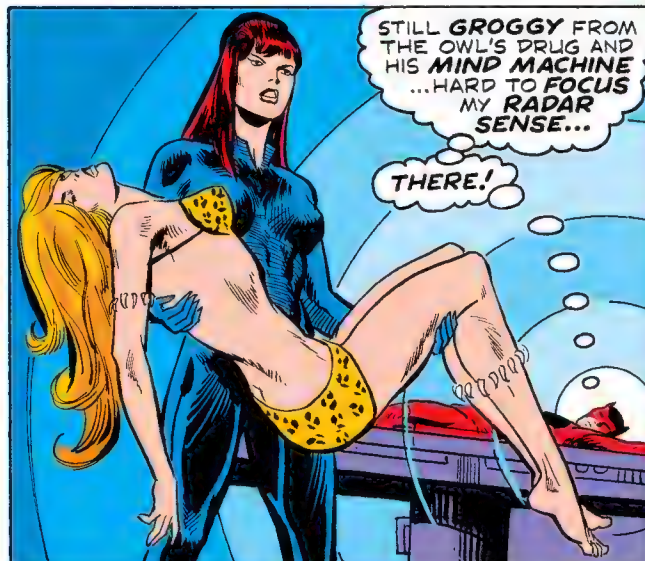


WHAT'S THAT SHE'S WEARING... HARDLY WHAT ONE WOULD EXPECT FROM A SCHOLAR OF DR. O'HARA'S REPUTATION... IT IS AN ATTRACTIVE OUTFIT, THOUGH...

I'M PRESSED FOR TIME, WIDOW. I'LL HAVE TO TAKE DR. O'HARA'S MIND NOW. PLACE HER ON THE SLAB, PLEASE...



DR. O'HARA?? SHANNA! HERE?!

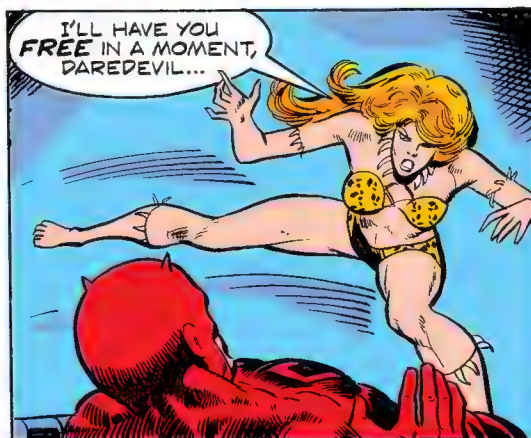
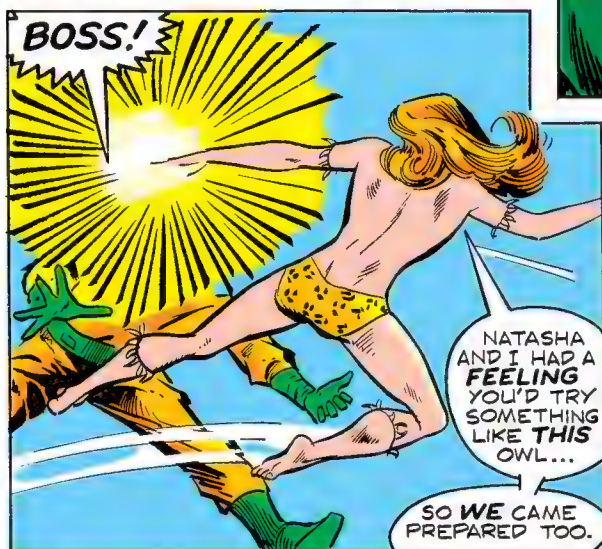


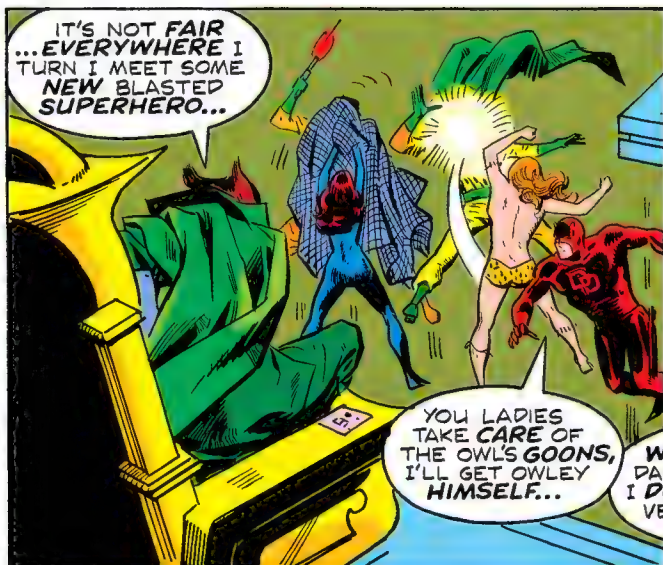
STILL GROGGY FROM THE OWL'S DRUG AND HIS MIND MACHINE... HARD TO FOCUS MY RADAR SENSE...

THERE!



TWO FIGURES... FEMALE... IT'S THE WIDOW AND SHANNA! BUT... BOTH HEARTBEATS ARE THE SAME. SHANNA'S NOT UNCONSCIOUS... SHE'S SHAMMING!





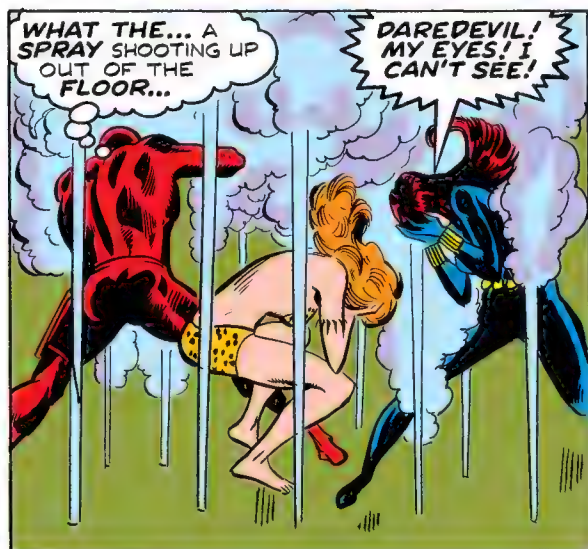
IT'S NOT FAIR
...EVERYWHERE I
TURN I MEET SOME
NEW BLASTED
SUPERHERO...

YOU LADIES
TAKE CARE OF
THE OWL'S GOONS,
I'LL GET OWLEY
HIMSELF...



WILL YOU,
DAREDEVIL?
I DOUBT THAT
VERY MUCH!

I BEAT
YOU ONCE
TONIGHT--I CAN
DO IT AGAIN!



WHAT THE... A
SPRAY SHOOTING UP
OUT OF THE
FLOOR...

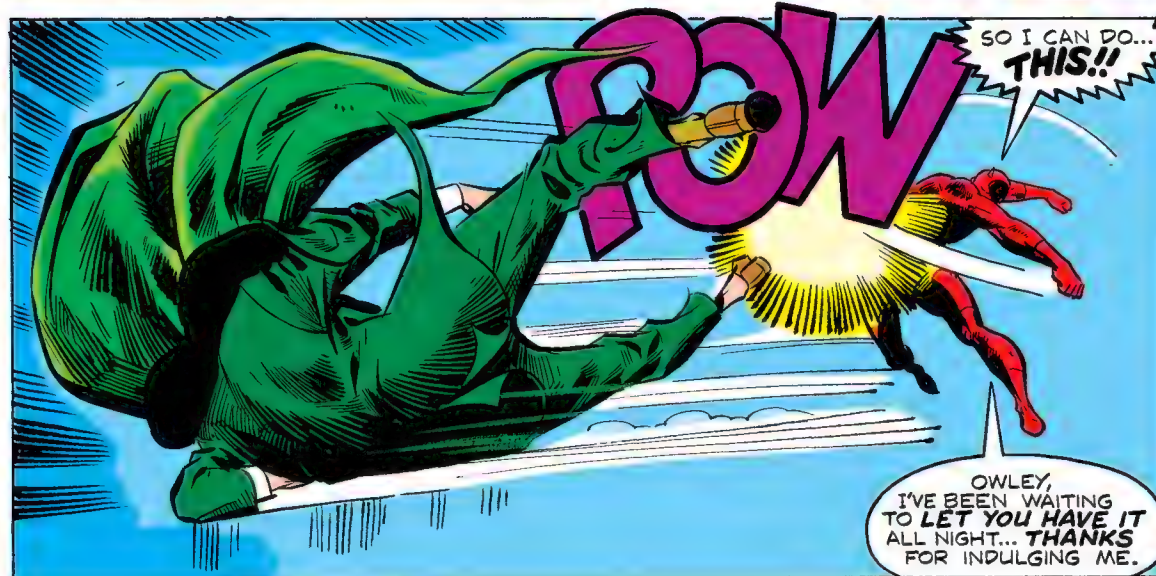
DAREDEVIL!
MY EYES! I
CAN'T SEE!



YOU'RE BLIND
NOW, DAREDEVIL!
HELPLESS BE-
FORE THE POW-
ER AND
GENIUS OF THE
OWL!

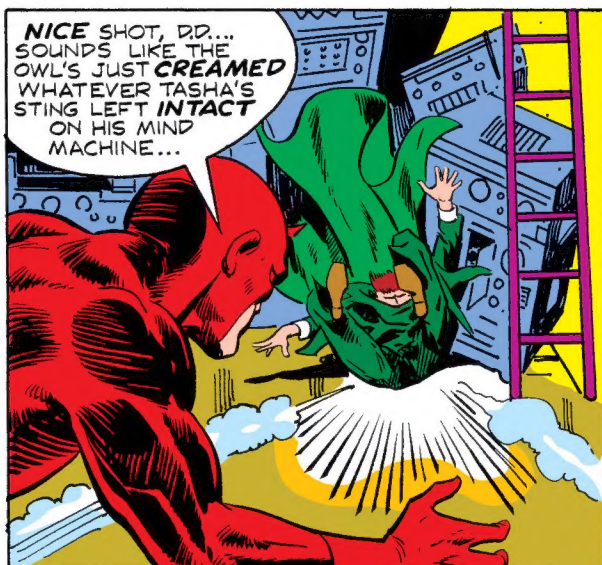
KEEP
FAKING IT,
DD, SO NATASHA'S
TIP-OFF
WON'T BE
WASTED...

AND YOU
KEEP TALKING, OWL.
TELL ME EXACTLY
WHERE YOU ARE...



SO I CAN DO...
THIS!!

OWLEY,
I'VE BEEN WAITING
TO LET YOU HAVE IT
ALL NIGHT... THANKS
FOR INDULGING ME.



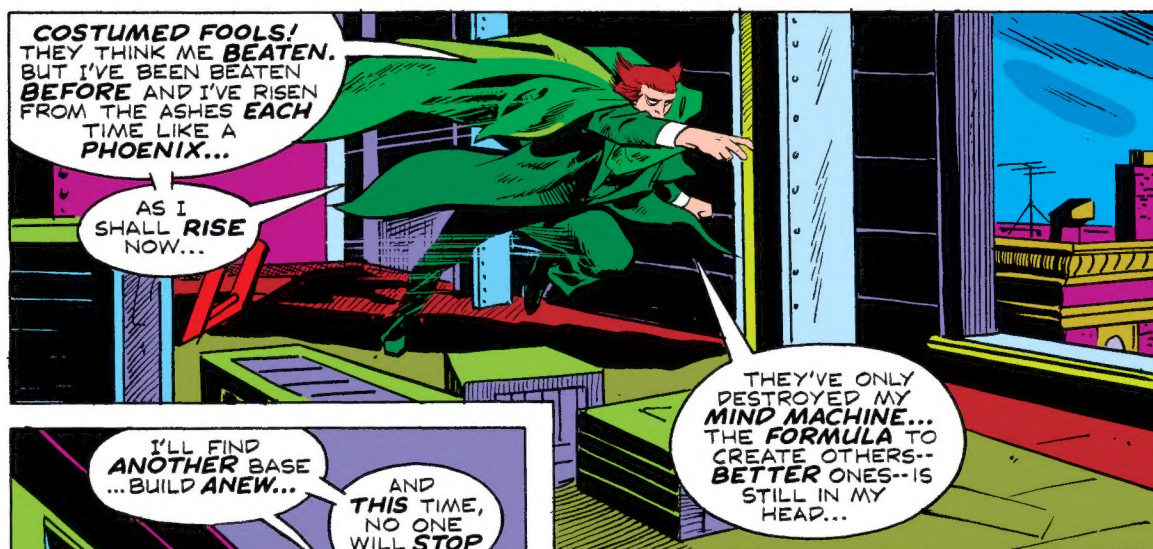
NICE SHOT, RD...
SOUNDS LIKE THE
OWL'S JUST **CREAMED**
WHATEVER TASHA'S
STING LEFT **INTACT**
ON HIS MIND
MACHINE...



MY **ESCAPE**
LADDER... I CAN'T
LET THEM **GET** ME...
NOT WHEN I WAS SO
CLOSE TO
SUCCESS...

BLAST!
I **MISSED**
HIM!

ELECTRICAL
INTERFERENCE
FROM THE OWL'S
MACHINE IS
SCRAMBLING MY
RADAR SENSE...
NOTHING WILL
STAY IN
FOCUS...



COSTUMED FOOLS!
THEY THINK ME **BEATEN**.
BUT I'VE BEEN **BEATEN**.
BEFORE AND I'VE **RISEN**
FROM THE **ASHES** EACH
TIME LIKE A
PHOENIX...

AS I
SHALL **RISE**
NOW...

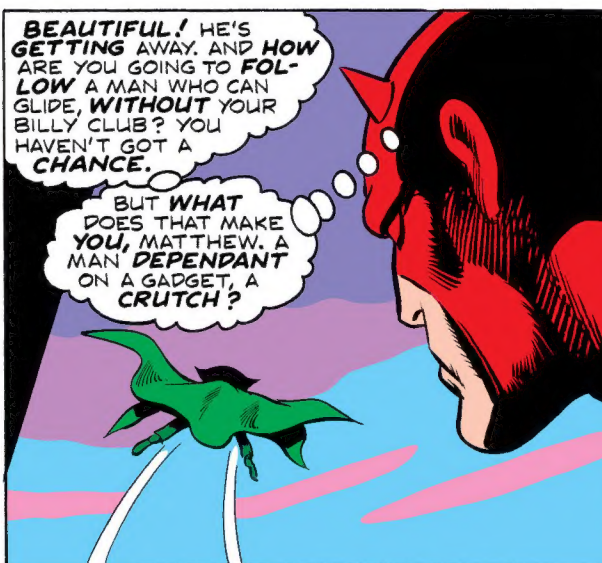
THEY'VE ONLY
DESTROYED MY
MIND MACHINE...
THE **FORMULA** TO
CREATE OTHERS--IS
STILL IN MY
HEAD...



I'LL FIND
ANOTHER BASE
...**BUILD** ANEW...

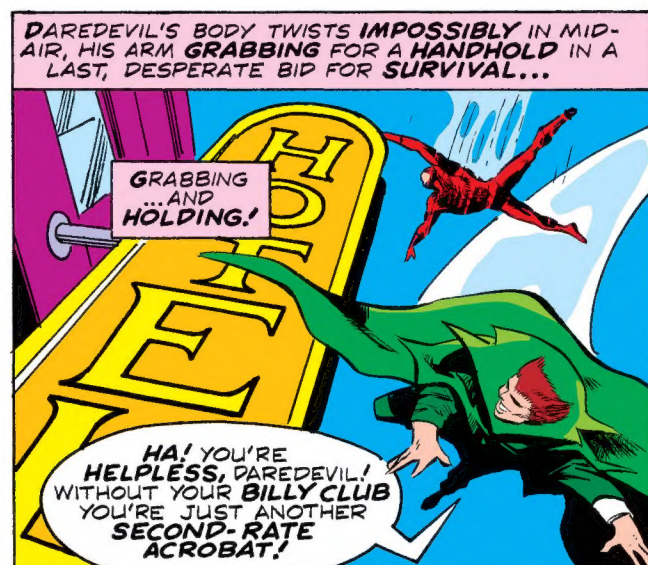
AND
THIS TIME,
NO ONE
WILL **STOP**
ME!

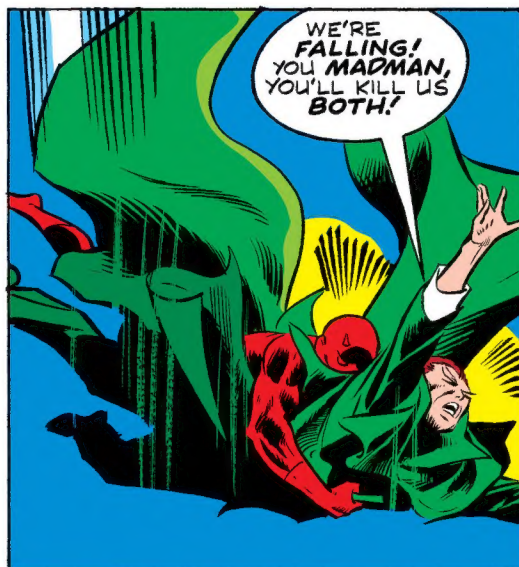
NO
ONE!



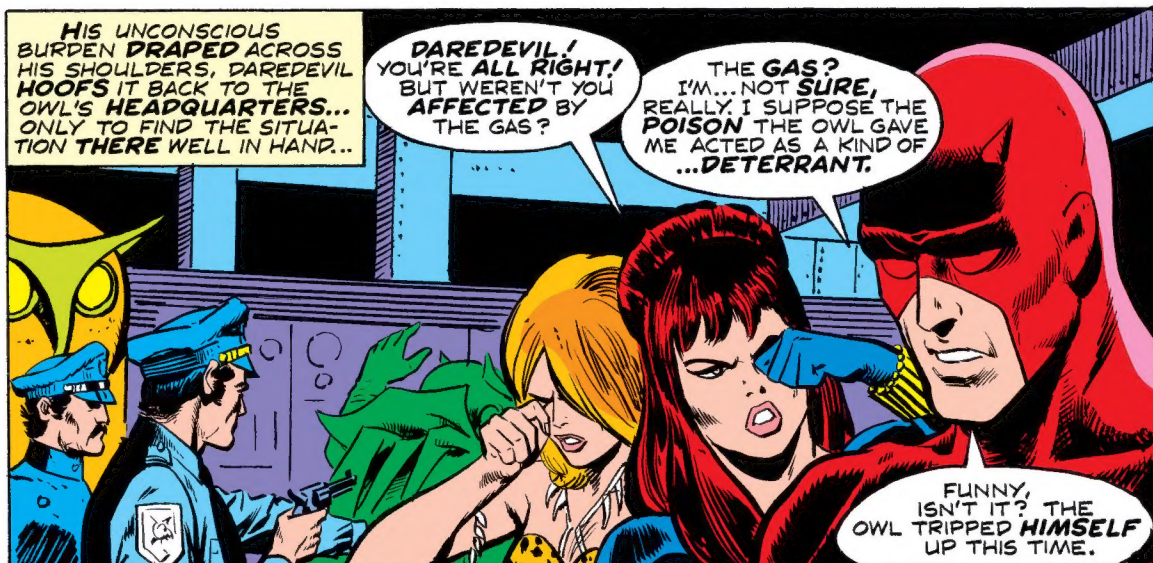
BEAUTIFUL! HE'S
GETTING AWAY. AND **HOW**
ARE YOU GOING TO **FOL-**
LOW A MAN WHO CAN
GLIDE, **WITHOUT** YOUR
BILLY CLUB? YOU
HAVEN'T GOT A
CHANCE.

BUT **WHAT**
DOES THAT MAKE
YOU, MATTHEW. A
MAN **DEPENDANT**
ON A GADGET, A
CRUTCH?





HIS UNCONSCIOUS BURDEN DRAPED ACROSS HIS SHOULDERS, DAREDEVIL HOOFS IT BACK TO THE OWL'S HEADQUARTERS... ONLY TO FIND THE SITUATION THERE WELL IN HAND...



THE FOG LIES THICK OVER THE GOLDEN GATE. A FEW DAYS LATER, AS THE MORNING SUN SHADES THE HILLS DARK VELVET... AND TWO LOVERS MEET TO SAY GOOD-BYE...



"I WON'T CHEAPEN WHAT WE FEEL FOR EACH OTHER BY PUTTING A PRICE TAG ON IT. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?"

"YEAH...I UNDERSTAND. GOOD BYE, NATASHA."



Y'KNOW, THIS BILLY CLUB IVAN WORKED UP FOR ME IS BEAUTIFUL. IT WORKS PERFECTLY.

I MEAN, I KNEW HE WAS A GOOD MECHANIC, BUT AN ENGINEER AS WELL...

DON'T LET HIS ENGLISH FOOL YOU...

IN RUSSIAN, HE MAKES REED RICHARDS SOUND LIKE A FUNCTIONAL ILLITERATE.



NATASHA...I'M LEAVING FOR NEW YORK. I NEED AN ANSWER: WILL YOU COME WITH ME?

NO.

WHY NOT?

I'M A PROUD WOMAN, MATT, PERHAPS TOO PROUD. I WON'T ACCEPT CHARITY FROM ANYONE-- ESPECIALLY YOU.

I... LOVE YOU... BUT I WON'T COME TO YOU EXCEPT AS YOUR EQUAL.

UNTIL ALL I WANT FROM YOU-- IS YOU-- NOT WHAT YOU CAN GIVE ME.



GOODBYE, MY LOVE.

"BUT REMEMBER, TASHA, WHEN YOU DO CHANGE YOUR MIND, I'VE LEFT PLANE TICKETS FOR YOU AND IVAN. I'LL BE ...WAITING FOR YOU..."

IT BEGAN IN NIGHTMARE, AND IT ENDS IN PAIN, THE PAIN OF FAREWELL, OF LONGING...

AND IN THE END...OF LOVE.

